

Leans County Monitor.

PANORAMIC RAILROAD.

1872.

TIME TABLE.

GOING SOUTH.				GOING NORTH.			
STATION.	MAIL.	EXPR.	MAIL.	STATION.	MAIL.	EXPR.	MAIL.
Leans	7:00 a.m.	8:45 p.m.	1:05 p.m.	Leans	7:00 a.m.	8:45 p.m.	1:05 p.m.
Barren	7:15	9:00	1:20	Barren	7:15	9:00	1:20
Leans	7:30	9:15	1:35	Leans	7:30	9:15	1:35
Barren	7:45	9:30	1:50	Barren	7:45	9:30	1:50
Leans	8:00	9:45	2:05	Leans	8:00	9:45	2:05
Barren	8:15	10:00	2:20	Barren	8:15	10:00	2:20
Leans	8:30	10:15	2:35	Leans	8:30	10:15	2:35
Barren	8:45	10:30	2:50	Barren	8:45	10:30	2:50

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

New Goods—Grandy, Skinner & Parker, Barton Landing.

New Goods—Skinner & Drew.

New Goods—O. D. Owen.

Notice to Horse Owners—Prof. Annis, bany.

Great Industries of U. S. A.—E. B. Simonds, Glover.

Millinery—Miss S. A. Stearns, Barton Landing.

Notice—Samuel French, Glover.

Local News.

WANTED.

Immediately, by the publisher of this paper, a LOCAL CORRESPONDENT in the towns of Charleston, Holland, Morgan, Newport, Salem, Troy and Westmore. Will some lively young man, or young lady, or middle-aged man or woman, one of the above mentioned towns, who would like to earn a few dimes to think up with, and at the same time do a favor which we will remember until we are gray as a rat, please correspond with us on this subject. We are going to the local business after election, and we don't print the best local paper in the county, next year, then we will be the next best. Sit down and write to us this very night, and you will get an answer by return mail.

ALBANY.

A passenger train recently ran from East Albany, Vt., to Poughkeepsie, a distance of seventy-five miles, in eighty-nine minutes.—*Boston Daily Journal.*

What! a railroad in Albany, so soon, and only seventy-five miles to Poughkeepsie?

M. M. Chafey, of East Albany, made from one cow—a full blood short-horn—the first week in October, eleven pounds and ten ounces of butter. The same cow gave, for six weeks in succession, in the months of June and July, fifty pounds of milk per day without any extra feed. Mr. Chafey also killed a two years old bull a few weeks ago, raised by this cow, which weighed 800 pounds.

Rev. Charles Newhall preached his farewell sermon at the Baptist church, Sabbath afternoon, Oct. 24th, from Mat. 28—39 "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt."

Mr. Wells A. Hyde recently met with quite a severe accident. He was on the road with a load of Moulton's Patent Water-Tubing, and by some mishap one of the tubes caught in a wheel, dealing Mr. Hyde a blow in the side with such force as to knock him from the wagon, and reason for his throne. He managed, however, to drive on for a short distance, and then turned about and started for home; but before reaching home his senses returned and he about faced again and went and delivered his load. When he finally reached home Dr. Parker was called in, and he was found to be pretty thoroughly bruised. In connection with this a typhoid fever has since settled upon him, making his case quite a desperate one.

BARTON.

Skinner & Drew and Oscar Owen have just returned from market with their fall and winter goods. See their advertisements and give them a call. J. W. Hall and D. McDougall also have new goods.

See notice in another column of E. B. Simonds, who will sell in this town and Glover, the book entitled "The Great Industries of the United States." It is indeed a wonderful book, worthy of a place in every family.

Just as we go to press we hear that there was a lively little scrimmage at the upper end, in the vicinity of the hotel, last Saturday night, in which several who participated received black eyes and sore heads, and one person went through a window without stopping to raise it. Cause—"FIRE WATER."

TEMPERANCE LECTURES.—The following gentlemen, on solicitation, have consented to lecture on temperance throughout Orleans County when called upon to do so:

Rev. A. W. Wild, Greensboro,
" E. P. Wild, Craftsbury,
" S. K. B. Perkins, Glover,
" D. H. Bicknell, Albany,
" A. A. Smith, Irasburgh,
" E. B. Phelps, Lowell,
" E. W. Culver, B. Landing,
" S. V. McDuffee, Barton,
" F. W. Dickinson, Coventry,
" L. H. Thompson, Esq., Irasburgh.

Lodges of Good Templars and other temperance societies, who may call upon these gentlemen for lectures, will be expected to pay traveling expenses, and more, if able.

The concert last Friday evening at the white church, by Blaisdell and Ingalls' Swiss Bell Ringers, was one of the best entertainments given in this place for a long time. The orchestra is one of the best that travels, and is so spoken of by the press wherever they go. The pieces were all so good and the parts so well performed that we should hardly know which to call best were we to discriminate. The songs by Miss Sander-son, "Who's at my Window," "Katie's Letter," "Waiting," and "Who's that Tapping at the Garden Gate," and the Violin Solo by Miss Blaisdell, as well as the Cornet Solo by Mr. Bagley, were

worthy the applause they received. The waltz by the orchestra, fairly set the audience to waltzing, while the "Blue Bells of Scotland," as we heard it remarked, was worth sitting all night to hear. The gentlemanly, ladylike and graceful bearing of this troupe, at once captivate and hold the attention of the listeners. The train kept away—it having kept up steadily for twenty-four hours, so that a more unfavorable night could not have been selected. We are glad, however, to be able to announce that this company will give another evening's entertainment at the white church, this (Monday) evening, when we hope they will receive what they so justly deserve—a full house.

"WHAT KIND OF A ROAD'S THIS?"—Not many nights ago—only last week—and, by the way, it was not a "moonlight night," either, but, to quote from Col. Crockett, "so dark the moon and stars couldn't navigate for fear of running foul of each other," a young man from this county—a stranger in these parts we presume—came into town, accompanied by a couple of young ladies; and the ladies, we are informed, were ladies in every sense of the word. But the young man, either before or after he came to town (it must have been before, of course) had drunk a few bottles too many from somebody's little brown jug, so that he was as limber as an eel and swayed round like a liberty-pole in a hurricane. In this condition the fellow guided the horse as best he could, but the road to him was crooked as a ram's horn. Seven years ago a hotel was destroyed by fire, leaving nothing but the old cellar, which is here yet. In one corner of this cellar used to be kept a rum-hole, the recollection—if not the smell—of which remains to this day; and for this once familiar spot, limber-joints reined his steed. Up over the bank, and, sure enough, down into the old cellar he went: horse, wagon, ladies and the whole concern. A gentleman who saw the performance hastened with all speed to the spot, expecting of course, to find somebody hurt. Arriving at the edge of the cellar he shouted: "What are you doing, here?" and from the depths of darkness came back in coarse hollow voice, "What kind of a road do you call this?" Explanation followed, help arrived, and the team was brought back into the road, the young man inquiring if there were "any more cellars around here?" Strange as it may seem, nobody was hurt and no particular damage done to the team. That a sober man could drive off that same place in broad day light, without any load, and not sprain an ankle or do something worse, we should be loth to believe; and we believe this fellow admits that nothing but the *Spirits* saved him. This must be a brother, or some connection of the fellow who got captured one dark night a year or two ago, in a ditch near Mr. Corey's, and came into the village and frightened all the women—and men too—out of their houses, by crying at the top of his voice, "FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!!!" Wm. Pitcher, who then lived at the old Jerry Drew Stand, perhaps was the most scared of anybody for the reason that the hideous sounds were uttered just around the corner of his barn. Down went his newspaper, and without stopping for boots, coat or hat, out into the darkness he went, inquiring, "Where? WHERE!! WHERE!!!" In less than a minute, Wm. had confronted the chap who was giving the alarm, and was not a little chagrined and taken aback, when the fellow, after stopping to take breath and scratch his head, said, in all meekness: "My horse has run off the bridge into the ditch." Bill stopped only long enough to ask if he couldn't "take a pail of water and put him out." If these two fellows are not brothers, then who are they?

BARTON LANDING.

Miss S. A. Stearns has just filled up her millinery shop with new goods, consisting of all the latest styles of hats, bonnets, &c. Miss Stearns is a milliner of much experience and does not fail to give satisfaction. Read her advertisement in another column.

The enterprising firm of Grandy, Skinner & Parker, have just returned from market with an unusually large stock of fall and winter goods, consisting of almost everything you can think of, from a cambric needle to a hoop-skirt and forty yards of gingham. As a proof of the enterprise of this firm, we would point to their double-column advertisement, which tells the whole story.

CRAFTSBURY.

COMPLIMENTARY SELECTION.—To be selected as a speaker for the Williston prize for oratory at the seminary at Easthampton, Mass., is regarded as a very high compliment to the scholarship and oratorical talent of the fortunate ones, and the friends of J. G. Simpson, of Craftsbury, may well feel proud that his name is among those on whom the lot has fallen this Fall.

COVENTRY.

On Sunday the remains of Mr. John Eaton were brought to this place for burial. Some two years since he removed from this town to Newport, his family consisting of a wife, one son and a daughter. A little more than a year ago the mother died; about a month since the daughter died in Massachusetts; and the past week Mr. Eaton died, the son being all that remains of the family.

Last Thursday, as A. Webster of Irasburgh and E. L. Frost of this place, were driving cattle on Lowell mountain, some other cattle came into the road and gave them some trouble, when Frost struck one of them with a loaded gun he was carrying, discharging it, a portion of the charge entering his leg just above the knee, making a painful but not dangerous flesh wound. The accident happened about two o'clock in the afternoon and he was unable to procure medical aid until nine in the evening.

DERBY.

John Kelly has bought of Dr. Glines his place at West Derby for \$2100.

John Wright has sold his farm to E. Clark. Mr. Wright is looking around, intending to purchase another place immediately.

We omitted to notice last week the open lodge meeting which took place at the Good Templar's Hall. The meeting was opened by an address by Gilbert Miller. Dialogues, recitations, and an address by Rev. T. P. Moulton filled up the evening. The recitations were good, the parts in the dialogues well acted, and the whole comprised a very pleasant entertainment.

There is considerable sickness in town, sudden colds with fever is the rule. Nearly every one complains of severe colds. Some think that it is a distemper going the rounds the same as the horse disease.

GLOVER.

Willie Tate and Ed Bodwell have exchanged farms.

Hon. E. B. Simonds is very much out of health. He has been confined to the house nearly all the time for two months.

The Swiss Bell concert Sat. eve, was a success; considering the unfavorable weather there was a good house, and all seemed to fully appreciate the exertions of the actors.

Many of the horses are suffering from the distemper raging throughout the country. The six owned by the physicians in the place are sick. The Doctors walk it out or are carried by the messengers of the sick. Atherton plods periodically through the mud with the mail bag swung over his back.

There seems to be a good many repairs and improvements about town just now. Mr. E. B. Simonds is remodeling his house by cutting down the windows and putting in larger ones and changing the forms of rooms. E. E. Foster has painted his hotel. It looks, with its newly painted blinds, as good as new. Quince McLellan has also thoroughly painted his house. Geo. Whitney, at West Glover, is putting up a new barn to go with his new house. Norton McLellan has recently brought water to his buildings from a spring situated 130 rods away.

WEST GLOVER.

Last week Guy Anderson shot a wild goose which was filling his crop in his oat field.

There is a fallen cedar tree on the farm of O. V. Percival seventeen inches in diameter at the butt and eighty-one feet in length.

The horse disease is prevailing in West Glover to a great extent. Nearly every horse is afflicted with it, and it begins to tell on business seriously.

GREENSBORO.

E. K. Hunt has sold his farm to Moses Haines for \$3150. Hunt returns to Jay, his old residence.

The universal horse distemper is increasing to an alarming extent here, but we hear of no fatal cases.

The steam mill company at the "Bend" have their engine in running order and are putting in the machinery as fast as possible. They intend to have it doing business in a month or so. They are also building a large boarding house which is about completed outside.

The new road to the "Bend" from the village is progressing rapidly. One or two weeks more of good weather will be all that "Sam." will want to complete it.

The machinery for the new steam mill at Greensboro is fast arriving, and the proprietors expect to have it running before Jan. 1. The main building is 100x22, with an L 45x50. They have put in a 150 horse-power engine, and intend to put in machinery for the manufacture of all kinds of lumber.

The citizens of Greensboro were favored with a lecture on temperance by Mr. Benj. Smith, last Monday eve. The attendance was not large; neither was the audience as appreciative as were the people of Glover and Barton, according to your correspondents. We think there may be material enough in the "young man" to make something when he comes down from his "stitts" a little. This schoolboy oratory will not do for the public in these times.

HARDWICK.

We have to chronicle another sad casualty upon the C. & P. R. R., resulting in the death of an estimable citizen. As the cattle train going south was passing under a farm bridge in the vicinity of Thetford, Mr. Daniel Goodrich, a cattle drover, who was sitting upon one of the cars was struck upon the head, and instantly killed. His head was crushed by the blow. It is said that Mr. Goodrich saw his danger, but was unable to avoid it, owing to the lowness of the bridge. These bridge accidents are getting to be fearfully frequent, and it would seem as though some provision should be devised, under the authority of the legislature, by which they, as well as the equally common and fatal casualties in coupling cars, should be rendered impossible. It is only a question of ingenuity and money to make them so.

Mr. Goodrich was a valuable citizen and a good man, and his loss will be deeply and widely felt. His age was fifty-seven years. His remains were taken to his home in Hardwick, where his funeral took place on Wednesday.—*Vt. Farmer.*

IRASBURGH.

Potatoes are selling at 50 cents per bushel.

John Crowley has stopped running his meat cart.

Miss Lovisa Kinney, an experienced teacher, has been engaged to teach the coming winter, in the higher department of the school at the common.

New Advertisements.

Notice to Horse Owners.

All having young horses which they wish to have trained and "fitted up," should not fail to patronize

PROF. WILLIAM ANNIS,

of West Albany, whose past experience, in connection with his natural abilities as a horseman, makes success a certainty. 34-47
West Albany, November 1st, 1872.

GREAT INDUSTRIES OF THE UNITED STATES.

I am selling by sample a book published by Burr & Hyde, entitled *The Great Industries of the U. S. A.* It is an interesting work for old and young, male or female of all callings by profession, the Minister, Doctor, Lawyer, Farmer, Mechanic, Merchant or Manufacturer; is the best book for reform that can be had, as well as an ornament to any library or center table, and is so cheap that it may be possessed by all; the work contains over 1200 pages, and 500 engravings. It is a copyright work containing a complete history of all branches of industry from its commencement to the present time. Sold only by sample. I have the exclusive right to sell the book in Barton and Glover. E. B. SIMONDS. 44-47
Glover, Oct. 29, 1872.

MILLINERY.

MISS S. A. STEARNS Would call the attention of the public to her carefully selected stock of Millinery and Ladies' Furnishing Goods, in all the new styles and colors, in autumn and winter goods, in the Millinery line, everything to suit the most fastidious tastes, and only used to be seen to be appreciated. Her stock is unusually large and cannot fail to suit, both in quality and prices; also a large stock of Fancy Goods, such as

Collars, Undersleeves, Bows, Neckties, Necklaces, Bracelets, Yokes, Corsetts, Bustles, Curls, Chignons, Switches, Braids, Combs, Dress Trimmings, Laces, Gimps, Fringes, Velvets, Silks, Buttons, and everything seasonable. Thinking her stock will compare favorably with any in the County, she takes pleasure in inviting the ladies to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere. Dress-Making in the most fashionable manner. S. A. STEARNS. 44-52
Barton Landing, Nov. 1st, 1872.

NOTICE.

Whereas, my wife, FRA A. FRENCH, has left my bed and board without just cause for so doing, I therefore forbid all persons harboring or trusting her on my account, as I shall pay no debts of her contracting after this date. SAMUEL R. FRENCH. 54-45
Glover, Oct. 31st, 1872.

SHEFFIELD.

"Lolan Gray" under Sheffield news of last week should read Laban Gray.

Mr. Olin Ingalls and Aaron Gray have exchanged farms.

James Drew lost a yearling colt the other day by its falling into a well some twenty feet deep, and before he could get out he died. The colt was valued at \$50.

Last week a monument was erected to the memory of George Washington Chesley. It stands eight feet and four inches high with 240 letters engraved on it. The work on the monument is executed in the highest style of the art. This makes two family monuments that have been put up this season in this town by M. J. Smith of Barton, and they give good satisfaction.

Mr. Elmer Bartlett of Sheffield on his return from Lyndon on Thursday afternoon soon after leaving Sheffield village, got out of his carriage to walk, leaving his wife and daughter who were with him, to manage the team; and when they reached Asa Barler's saw mill, drove over some logs by the road side, upsetting the carriage and its occupants, breaking Mrs. Bartlett's right ankle; the daughter escaped unhurt. Mrs. Bartlett managed to get to Ezekiel Niles' house, close by, and after getting a suitable conveyance was taken to her home about three miles distant. We were on the spot soon after the accident, and think the injuries received are of that nature which may affect her all through life. We deeply sympathize with the family. They were burnt out recently, and this accident coming soon after adds to their list of misfortunes. We understand Dr. Templeton of Glover was called.

WHEELLOCK.

Taylor and Sullaway, merchants, have dissolved partnership. We understand Sullaway intends to go West.

The log houses are disappearing on West Wheellock Mountain. David Hines has put up a new frame building which cost \$500, and Hiram Barton is preparing to put up a new frame building 30x36, to cost \$1500.

Jonas Folsom's hired man the other night while driving over W. Wheellock Mountain, came very near losing a horse by getting its leg in one of the bad water courses in that locality.

THE SPECTRAL CHARGE.

BY O. S. RICE.
Up from the trampled battle-ground,
The phantom legions come;
To mingle sound they gather round,
And form at roll of drum.
They come from gray Gettysburg,
From Antietam's plain;
And every field of strife doth yield
Its host of ghastly slain.
The hunger-strangled prisoners
Four in from rebel-land;
With those who sleep where wild winds sweep
The waves of drifting sand.
From dismal swamp and mountain high,
From every scattered grave,
With those who lie where soft winds sigh
Along Potomac's wave.
Oh! phantom host of noble dead!
Oh! specters of the slain!
The land they trod, for which they bled,
They may not save again.
But, Freeman, ye who now control
Our nation that they saved,
Keep guard to see that nation be
By traitors, not enslaved.

POVERTY is BAD, but the worst kind of poverty is poverty of the blood; this makes a man "poor indeed," for it takes away his strength, courage, and energy; but enrich the blood with its vital element, Iron, by taking the Peruvian Syrup (a protoxide of iron), and you will feel rich and "as good as anybody." Try it.

MARRIED.

In Lowell, Oct. 23, by Rev. H. N. Hovey, Herbert C. Lamphere and Miss Addie M. Bailey, both of Hydepark.

DIED.

In Newport, Oct. 23, Matilda, relict of Cephas Robinson, aged 89 years, 2 months and 7 days.
In Morgan, Oct. 2, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. John Holton—of consumption, suddenly, Mrs. Abigail Moore, wife of Col. Joseph Moore, formerly of Salem, aged 83 years and five months. She died with the surviving husband of her youth sixty-three years, and moved to Salem fifty years ago next January.
In Derby, Oct. 22, of typhoid fever and hemorrhage of the bowels, Albert D. Sewcombs, aged 28 years and 9 months.

New Advertisements.

Notice to Horse Owners.

All having young horses which they wish to have trained and "fitted up," should not fail to patronize

PROF. WILLIAM ANNIS,

of West Albany, whose past experience, in connection with his natural abilities as a horseman, makes success a certainty. 34-47
West Albany, November 1st, 1872.

GREAT INDUSTRIES OF THE UNITED STATES.

I am selling by sample a book published by Burr & Hyde, entitled *The Great Industries of the U. S. A.* It is an interesting work for old and young, male or female of all callings by profession, the Minister, Doctor, Lawyer, Farmer, Mechanic, Merchant or Manufacturer; is the best book for reform that can be had, as well as an ornament to any library or center table, and is so cheap that it may be possessed by all; the work contains over 1200 pages, and 500 engravings. It is a copyright work containing a complete history of all branches of industry from its commencement to the present time. Sold only by sample. I have the exclusive right to sell the book in Barton and Glover. E. B. SIMONDS. 44-47
Glover, Oct. 29, 1872.

MILLINERY.

MISS S. A. STEARNS Would call the attention of the public to her carefully selected stock of Millinery and Ladies' Furnishing Goods, in all the new styles and colors, in autumn and winter goods, in the Millinery line, everything to suit the most fastidious tastes, and only used to be seen to be appreciated. Her stock is unusually large and cannot fail to suit, both in quality and prices; also a large stock of Fancy Goods, such as

Collars, Undersleeves, Bows, Neckties, Necklaces, Bracelets, Yokes, Corsetts, Bustles, Curls, Chignons, Switches, Braids, Combs, Dress Trimmings, Laces, Gimps, Fringes, Velvets, Silks, Buttons, and everything seasonable. Thinking her stock will compare favorably with any in the County, she takes pleasure in inviting the ladies to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere. Dress-Making in the most fashionable manner. S. A. STEARNS. 44-52
Barton Landing, Nov. 1st, 1872.

NOTICE.

Whereas, my wife, FRA A. FRENCH, has left my bed and board without just cause for so doing, I therefore forbid all persons harboring or trusting her on my account, as I shall pay no debts of her contracting after this date. SAMUEL R. FRENCH. 54-45
Glover, Oct. 31st, 1872.

SHEFFIELD.

"Lolan Gray" under Sheffield news of last week should read Laban Gray.

Mr. Olin Ingalls and Aaron Gray have exchanged farms.

James Drew lost a yearling colt the other day by its falling into a well some twenty feet deep, and before he could get out he died. The colt was valued at \$50.

Last week a monument was erected to the memory of George Washington Chesley. It stands eight feet and four inches high with 240 letters engraved on it. The work on the monument is executed in the highest style of the art. This makes two family monuments that have been put up this season in this town by M. J. Smith of Barton, and they give good satisfaction.

Mr. Elmer Bartlett of Sheffield on his return from Lyndon on Thursday afternoon soon after leaving Sheffield village, got out of his carriage to walk, leaving his wife and daughter who were with him, to manage the team; and when they reached Asa Barler's saw mill, drove over some logs by the road side, upsetting the carriage and its occupants, breaking Mrs. Bartlett's right ankle; the daughter escaped unhurt. Mrs. Bartlett managed to get to Ezekiel Niles' house, close by, and after getting a suitable conveyance was taken to her home about three miles distant. We were on the spot soon after the accident, and think the injuries received are of that nature which may affect her all through life. We deeply sympathize with the family. They were burnt out recently, and this accident coming soon after adds to their list of misfortunes. We understand Dr. Templeton of Glover was called.

WHEELLOCK.

Taylor and Sullaway, merchants, have dissolved partnership. We understand Sullaway intends to go West.

The log houses are disappearing on West Wheellock Mountain. David Hines has put up a new frame building which cost \$500, and Hiram Barton is preparing to put up a new frame building 30x36, to cost \$1500.

Jonas Folsom's hired man the other night while driving over W. Wheellock Mountain, came very near losing a horse by getting its leg in one of the bad water courses in that locality.

THE SPECTRAL CHARGE.

BY O. S. RICE.
Up from the trampled battle-ground,
The phantom legions come;
To mingle sound they gather round,
And form at roll of drum.
They come from gray Gettysburg,
From Antietam's plain;
And every field of strife doth yield
Its host of ghastly slain.
The hunger-strangled prisoners
Four in from rebel-land;
With those who sleep where wild winds sweep
The waves of drifting sand.
From dismal swamp and mountain high,
From every scattered grave,
With those who lie where soft winds sigh
Along Potomac's wave.
Oh! phantom host of noble dead!
Oh! specters of the slain!
The land they trod, for which they bled,
They may not save again.
But, Freeman, ye who now control
Our nation that they saved,
Keep guard to see that nation be
By traitors, not enslaved.

POVERTY is BAD, but the worst kind of poverty is poverty of the blood; this makes a man "poor indeed," for it takes away his strength, courage, and energy; but enrich the blood with its vital element, Iron, by taking the Peruvian Syrup (a protoxide of iron), and you will feel rich and "as good as anybody." Try it.

MARRIED.

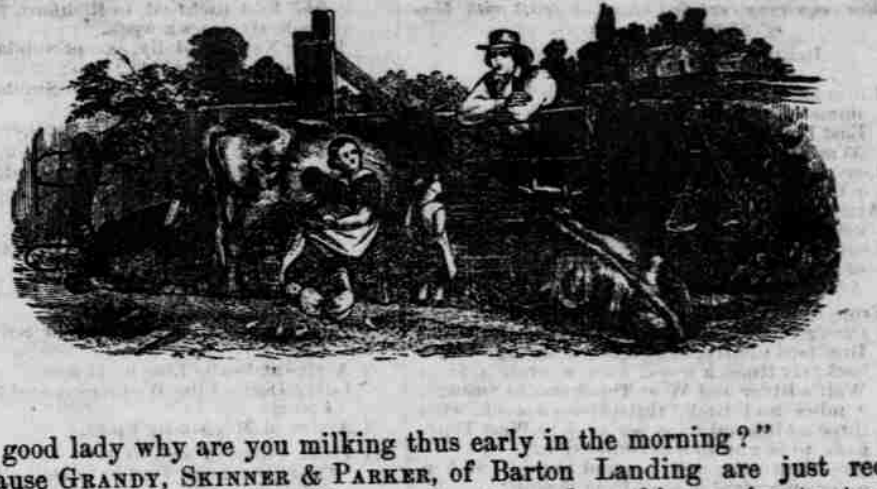
In Lowell, Oct. 23, by Rev. H. N. Hovey, Herbert C. Lamphere and Miss Addie M. Bailey, both of Hydepark.

DIED.

In Newport, Oct. 23, Matilda, relict of Cephas Robinson, aged 89 years, 2 months and 7 days.
In Morgan, Oct. 2, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. John Holton—of consumption, suddenly, Mrs. Abigail Moore, wife of Col. Joseph Moore, formerly of Salem, aged 83 years and five months. She died with the surviving husband of her youth sixty-three years, and moved to Salem fifty years ago next January.
In Derby, Oct. 22, of typhoid fever and hemorrhage of the bowels, Albert D. Sewcombs, aged 28 years and 9 months.

NEW GOODS AT SHELVES AND COUNTERS LOADED. COME AND SEE THEM.

GRANDY, SKINNER & PARKER.



"My good lady why are you milking thus early in the morning?"
"Because GRANDY, SKINNER & PARKER, of Barton Landing are just receiving their Fall and Winter goods, and I am going down there this morning